

Newes from *Hide-Parke.*

OR

A very merry Passage which happened betwixt a *North Country Gentleman*, and a very Gaudy Gallant *Lady of pleasure*, whom he took up in the *Parke*, and conducted her (in her own Coach) home to her Lodgings, and what chanced there, if you'l venture Attention the Song will declare.

To the tune of, *The Crost Couple.*



One Evening a little before it was dark,
Sing Tan tara rara Tan-tivée,
I call'd for my Gelding & rid to Hide-Parke,
on Tan tara rara tan-tivée:

It was in the motly Month of May,
When Meadows & fields were gaudy & gay,
And Flowers apearell'd as bright as the day:
I got upon my tan-tivée,

The Parke shone brighter then the Skyes,
sing tan tara rara tan-tivée.

With Jewels and Gold, and Ladies eyes,
that sparkled & cry'd, come see me: (name
Of all parts in England, Hide-Parke hath the
For Coaches & horses, and Persons of fame
It look'd at first sight, like a field ful of flame
which made me ride up tan tivée.

There hath not bin sen such a sight since
for Perriwig Ribbon & Feather, (Adam's
Hide-Park may be trim'd wth Parket of Madams.
o^r Lady-Fair chuse ye whether:

their gowns were a yard to long for their legs
They shew'd like the Rain-bow cut into rags
A garden of Flower, o^r a Baby of Flage,
When they did all mingle together.

Amongst all these Ladys I singled out one
to prattle of Love and Folly,
I found her not coy, but jovial as Jone,
o^r Betty, o^r Margrer, o^r Molly:
With hono^r & love, & stories of Chances,
By spirits did move, & my blood she advances
With twenty quonundrum, & fifty-five fan-
I'de fain have been at her tan-tivée. (cies

We talkt away time until it grew darke;
the place did begin to grow privè,
For Gallants began to draw out of the Park,
their Horses did gallop tan-tivée:
But finding my courage a little to come,
I sent my Bay-Gelding away by my Groom
And proffer'd my service to wait on her hom
In her Coach we went both tan-tivée.

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I Offer'd and proffer'd, but found her straight
 She cry'd, I shall never beleive ye: (lac'd
 This armful of Sattin I bravely imbrace,
 and faine would have been at tan-tivve.

Her lodgings were pleasant for scent & for sight
 She seem'd like an Angel by Candle-light,
 And like a bold Archer I aim'd at the White,
 Tan-tivve, tan-tivve, tan-tivve.

With many denials She yeilded at last,
 her Chamber being wondrous privie,
 That I all y night there might have my repast,
 to run at the Ring tan-tivve:

I put off my cloaths, and I tumbled to bed;
 She went in her Closet to dress up her head,
 But I pay'd in y Key-hol, to see what she did,
 Which put me quite by tan-tivve.

She took off her head-tire and shew'd her bald-
 her cunning did very much grieve me. (pate
 Thought I to my self, if it were not so late,
 I would home to my Lodging, beleive me.
 Her hair being gone, she seem'd like a Hagg,
 Her bald-pate did look like an Estriches Egg:
 This Lady (thought I) is as right as my leg,
 She hath been too much at tan-tivve.

The more I did pay, the more I did spy,
 which did to amaiement drive me:
 She put up her finger, and out dropt her eye;
 I pray'd that some power would releive me,

But now my resolves was never to trouble her:
 My venture my Carkis with such a blind Hobler
 She lookt with one eye, just like Hewson y Cobler
 When he us'd to ride tan-tivve.

I pay'd & was still more perplexed therewith,
 thought I tho't be midnight I'll leave this:
 She fetches a pawn, and out fell her teeth,
 this Queen had intents to deceive me:
 She drew out her Handkercheif as I suppose
 to wipe her high forehead, & down dropt her nose;
 Which made me run quickly & pull on my Shoe
 The Devil is in my Tan-tivve.

She wash'd all y paint from her visage, & then
 she look't just (if you will beleive me)
 Like a Lancashire Witch of four score and ten;
 and I as the Devil did drive me,
 I put on my cloths, & cry'd Witches & Whores,
 I tumbled down-stair e, & broke open the doores,
 And down in the Country again to my Bores,
 Next morning I rid tan-tivve.

You North-Country Gallants, that live pleasant
 let not curiosity drive ye, (libas
 To leave the fresh air, & your own Tenants-wives
 for Sattin will sadly deceive ye:
 For my part I will no more be such a Meacock,
 To deal with the Plums of a Hide-Park Peacock,
 But find out a russet-coat Wench & a Hay-cock,
 And there I will ride tan-tivve. *Finis.*